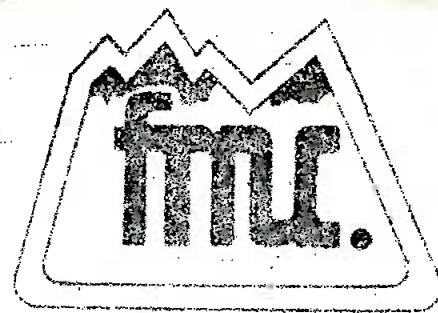


NEWSLETTER

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



JUNE 1972

As Chris. Heald will shortly be moving to Yorkshire, the Committee bullied me into the unenviable task of taking over the production of the Newsletter, being the smallest member of the Committee, and in my present state, not having much else to do at the moment.

In future, please send all articles, items of news etc. for publication in either the Newsletter or the local press, (You have not forgotten already that local newspapers are desperate to print tales of our daring deeds and exploits) to me:-

Dave Earle,
31 Chester Avenue,
Poulton le Fylde,
Blackpool.

On behalf of the Club, I wish to thank Chris. for all the hard work he put into making the Newsletter the success that it is, and also to wish him well in his new post.

D. Earle

ODDS AND SODS

We are pleased to announce at long last, the new Club Hut. All bookings to Chris Heald, Honorary Warden, The Pete Rafferty Hut, Keighley, Yorks. Please state B & B or B & B and evening meal when making your booking.

The Rangers telephone number is CLEVELEYS 3308, not Blackpool.

Robin Greenwood, John Bentley, Chris Hawkins and M. J. Wiseman have joined the Club.

Pat Hirst, Sue Cook, Ken Martin and Gerry Senior have been elected to full membership. Phil Caley has re-joined.

Martin Dale has been co-opted onto the Committee, and will provide a voice for the somewhat under represented members of the younger element of the Club.

Those who have booked on a coach meet, and fail to turn up, without informing the Meet Leader, will be required to pay the fare.

The meet to Cwm Silyn will be held on July 26/27 and NOT July 6/7. as in the syllabus. This is due to hut availability.

When paying money at the Huts, please state full name and date on the envelopes, not Mickey Mouse or Queen Victoria etc. However amusing it seems at the time, it makes checking the books extremely tedious. (I know) If you must use a pseudonym please make sure that your real name is quite clear to the Hut Secretary.

Club subscriptions are well overdue and should be paid immediately to George Parker personally or through the post. Do not forget to

Fischer ski 215 cm. Kastinger boots (ski) size 8. Ski poles. £10.00
Contact : Bob Mellor, 63 Calder Road, Blackpool. 54249.

SOCIALS

Saturday December 7th. 1974. Club Dinner. Members £2.00. Guests £2.25
Scafell Hotel, Borrowdale. Twin room B & B £8.00 incl. service and
V.A.T. Cottage accomodation and camping also.

Thursday June 27th. Walk and pub. crawl. Own transport, meet at the
Rangers at 6.30 p.m.

July (Date to be announced) The Ski Club are having a cruise on the
Lancaster Canal. Booze, food and dancing. Details regarding cost and
time later.

MOUNTAINEERING

June 14/16 Cwm Cowarch. Own transport. Meet Leader Pete Latimer.

June 22/23 Scafell Bivi. Own Transport. Meet Leader Mike Tolley.

July 14 Coach meet - Ingleton. 3 Peaks & Potholing. Meet Leader
Peter Roscoe.

July 20/21 Stanage. Camping. Own Transport. Meet Leader Dave Earle.

July 27/28 Cwm Silyn Hut. Own transport. Meet Leader John Sealey.

EPICS AND ADVENTURES

Ladies Weekend. Little Langdale March 17/18 J. Tolley & M. Aspin

After luxuriating in the de-luxe comfort of the Stair Hut on previous
weekends, it was decided this time to visit Little Langdale, and
inspect the improvements the F.M.C. males had made in our absence.

Issuing frantic last minute orders to our respective spouses re. the
usual domestic arrangements for their weekend welfare, (almost ident-
ical on each pick-up) we waved thankful goodbyes to our bewildered
offspring. Due to the efforts of our chauffeur Jenny Tolley, with my-
self as navigator, four of us arrived at the Three Shires at 9.00p.m.
in time for pre-weekend drinks.

Emerging from the pub at 10.30p.m. the prospects for the weekend seem-
ed rosy, in spite of high winds and driving rain. Only pausing to take
appreciative advantage of the new covered walk to the toilets, we
went straight to bed. The last one being unfortunate enough to have
to leap out and pad barefoot to let in the last two indignant and
soaking arrivals, Shirley and Jenny S., whom we had inadvertantly
locked out.

We arranged to meet the two pregnant members of the group - who were
taking the low road to Coniston- while the less portly members took
the high road. We set off, paddling up Wet Side Edge onto Carrs to be
enveloped in swirling mist and driving rain. We intended heading for
Swirl How, but finished up on top of Grey Friar. A sudden break in
the mist revealed Seathwaite Tarn (which we recognised) and following
compass directions, walked round in a complete circle to arrive back
on the col between Grey Friar and Swirl How.

The view of Wrynose Bottom didn't look a bit like Coniston, but we
again consulted the compass, and it was at this stage that the more

of us followed - if we couldn't translate map and compass, we should at least follow one rule of the mountains and stick together. Road walking in soggy boots produces marvellous blisters, but we eventually arrived back at the cottage. Later, imbibed with wine and steak fondue we consulted the map again, and realised our mistake. Doubtless, next time we will be more competent.

Sunday. We decided to make a visit to that imaginary place, Coniston, by car this time, and after coffee, staggered up Coniston Old Man.

We really did choose a super weekend, ascending again into mist and driving rain, to arrive back at the cars dripping wet, but triumphant. We had found and conquered the peak.

Ladies Meet April 20/21 It is a great pity we cancelled this meet due to lack of support. I can only assume that the F.M.C. cultivates such efficient and organised wives and mothers, that the husbands cannot bear to let them escape for a weekend.

The next Ladies Meet has been arranged for the weekend 15/16 June at Stair Hut, but we could change the venue, or even camp, if there is sufficient interest. Ladies, shake off your shackles and bonds, and unite in a fair deal for women!!!!

Easter in Wales

Keith Lockett

After last minute arrangements, a party of four set off for Wales, Colin Green, Galen Melling, Martin Dale and myself. We stayed at the Chester Mountaineering Club hut at Llanberis. (So you think Stair is smooth)

Friday we went to Cwm Silyn, dropping Galen off on the way. We climbed on Craig yr-Ogof and Kirkus' route, V.S. A very fine route and quite sustained. Galen went up Snowdon.

On Saturday we went to Bethesda and on to Llech Ddu. The weather was sunny, but the crag was in shadow, and a cold wind was blowing. Our aim had been Central Route, but Colin backed down at the first sign of frost-bite, so Martin stepped in. I led up the first 20 feet, then backed down with fingers a bright blue. Martin did likewise, so we all went back to the car. Off we went to the Pass, where much to Martin's disgust, we just watched in comfort.

On Sunday morning we were awoken early by three people from Sussex, returning from being benighted on Grooved Arete on Tryfan. We spent the day in the Pass. Colin and I did Brant V.S. then watched some others having epics, and finally abseiling from the third pitch of the same climb. We then did Babel V.S. Meanwhile, Martin and Galen went to the Wasted and climbed Nea S. and Crackstone Rib S.

On Monday, Colin Martin and I walked up to Cloggy and climbed Narrow Slab V.S. I led the first pitch, and was held up on Linnels Leap by three people on White Slab, and two on Narrow Slab all sharing the stance that I wanted. Colin led to the slab proper, which was quite thin. As we left, the people who had climbed White Slab were finishing Vember, There was someone on Pinnacle Flake, a party had just done Bloody, and a party were starting East Gully Wall, and that was at 6.00p.m. !!!!!

All in all, a good weekend was had by all.

Coach Meet Coniston-Old Dungeon Ghyll. April 28

Frank Lord

Thirty nine adults and three children ensured a full coach for the meet. The original intention was to leave the coach in Coniston, and be picked up at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. In the final event we did the reverse.

Other members elected to stay in Langdale, and most of the local summits were climbed by them. The two Tolley toddlers walked to Stickle Tarn and back with Jenny, quite an achievement in not very good weather. The remainder of the party headed for Coniston by various routes including The Band, Brown Ghyll and Crinkle Gully.

A very mixed day of weather was encountered, with rain, mist, quite strong winds and squalls of snow and hail. Occasional glimpses of the sun were had, particularly late in the day. None of the bad weather lasted very long, and all arrived back dry.

All told, a very enjoyable day, with a lot of activity on the hills. As Meet Leader, may I say thank-you to all those who attended, and contributed in making this a most successful meet.

Ben Nevis. March '74

Mike Tolley

(Or what (who) you didn't see on TV.

We had the C.I.C. Hut booked from Sunday to Wednesday, so a few hopefuls set off to try their luck. 1.30a.m. Saturday morning found us in Glencoe, with a very hard frost and clear sky. We were up at 6.00a.m. and off up to Coire Nan Beith. The snow was soft, the frost of the previous night not being sufficient to harden it. Colin Green and John Hamilton started up Summit Gully, where Colins crampon kept falling off, closely followed by Colin. Rick soloed up Deep Cut Chimney, whilst Ken & I had a crack at Central Gully. After about 300feet the ice became rotten, and rather than chop it off, and climb the rock, thus ruining anyone else's chances, we traversed off and worked our way up Arch Gully to the top. We walked over Bidean, where we were treated to several Brocken Spectres. Descent was made via the Lost Valley, along the road and back to the hut.

On Sunday we drove round to Fort William, and walked up to the C.I.C. Hut, to find the B.B.C. encamped. Well - known climbers and various hangers-on had occupied every bunk. Ken had met an old friend and went to do Vanishing Gully, which they completed in the dark, whilst Rick and I set out to do Glovers Chimney. At the foot of the climb we discovered that we had forgotten the rope, so we carried on up No. 2 Gully, which proved quite hairy not to mention steep at the top.

Back at the Hut we watched Nicholson, McInnes and Fyffe being landed by helicopter after finishing Astronomy, recently seen on the box. The completion of the filming heralded a night of drinking, argument and noise, with one of the F.M.C. members being ejected from his bunk by a large drunken Scot. There was much pilfering of a bottle of whisky left by mistake, and very close to hand. An early morning rescue ended an almost sleepless night. The B.B.C. were packing up and departing so a rather quieter night than the one we had just had was envisaged.

John Hargreaves and Bob Mellor arrived during the merrymaking of the previous night, so we all made for Gardylo Gully, which, when you are tired, has a very tedious way up to it. The weather was holding, and the snow in fine condition. We had great views west from the summit and returned to the hut down No.4 Gully. At the hut we found mounds of food left by the B.B.C. including several pounds of steak!!!!

Bob, John and Rick decided that another route was called for, and set off to do Fort William Direct. The route was accomplished with great speed, but upon completion, it was found that all the pubs were closed. This route is not recommended.

We had an early start on Tuesday morning, Ken and I hopeful for N.E. Buttress. We put on crampons in the hut, and were on our way, soloing up to the first ledge on the Buttress. It was here we found fixed ropes left by the B.B.C., so we climbed on retrieving what gear we could. Ken led a complete run-out of rope up a very steep ice runnel on to the second platform - fantastic - A few very easy angled pitches and then we were back amongst the corners and buttresses. Another good pitch by Ken found us just below the Man Trap. I led through to it,

hold, try and place your axe, then grovel over the top. I tried the next pitch, but couldn't do it, so Ken tried but didn't fancy it either, so he traversed out to the right, and up a steep gully out of sight. I followed, and found a 30 foot near vertical ice pitch with no holds cut in it, and realised that Ken had front-pointed it. I looked straight down to Point 5 Gully, then followed. A fantastic finish to a great route. We met Colin, who had just replaced his crampons again, halfway up the Brenva Face, and go over the top together, and so back to the C.I.C. Hut.

Wednesday found us all too tired to do anything, so we packed up, shot off down the hill and home, to discuss - the next trip, why Kens axe had broken, why my axe bent and why Collins expedition underwear smelt.

The Bodkan Meet

Derrick A. Smith

Spring Bank Holiday saw quite a large contingent of members, friends and children, thirty one bodies all told, (and 58 Bodkans) taking the MacBraynes ferry from West Loch Tarbert to Port Ellen on the Isle of Islay.

The main attractions of Islay are its coasts, with long, sandy deserted beaches, and stretches of high rocky cliffs: wonderful seascapes with the Atlantic constantly roaring on the west coast. The bird life is continually interesting, Islay having a greater variety than almost any other place in Britain. Most mornings we were awakened by the sound of Eider ducks coo-ing on the beach, and frequently we watched from the tent the butterfly-like terns plunging straight into the sea from heights of sixty or seventy feet.

Highlights of the holiday were two trips across to the neighbouring Isle of Jura. The first for the trek to the northern extremity to view one of the largest whirlpools in the world, the Corrievreckan; a memorable sight which you hear long before it becomes visible. Half a mile wide and more than a mile long of swirling, seething, foaming water.

The second day on the island was by an eight strong party to climb the Paps of Jura, a strenuous day out involving miles of trackless moor, and 5,500 feet of uphill, some of which is up, what must be the longest and steepest scree slope in the country. The rewards of sitting on the tops of these three isolated mountains in such wild and magnificent surroundings, will stay with us all, and be talked about for years to come.

No visit to Islay would be complete without a look round one of the islands eight distilleries. We toured the one in Bowmore to see the stuff being produced, and came away glowing from the effects of large nips of twelve year old malt whisky.

N.B. One Bodkan = over $3\frac{1}{2}$ pints of Boddingtons Best Bitter.

ADVANCE NOTICE

The Executive Committee of the Rangers have organised A FOLK NIGHT on Friday the 12th. July. Bar extention etc. Please watch the notice board at the Rangers for further details.